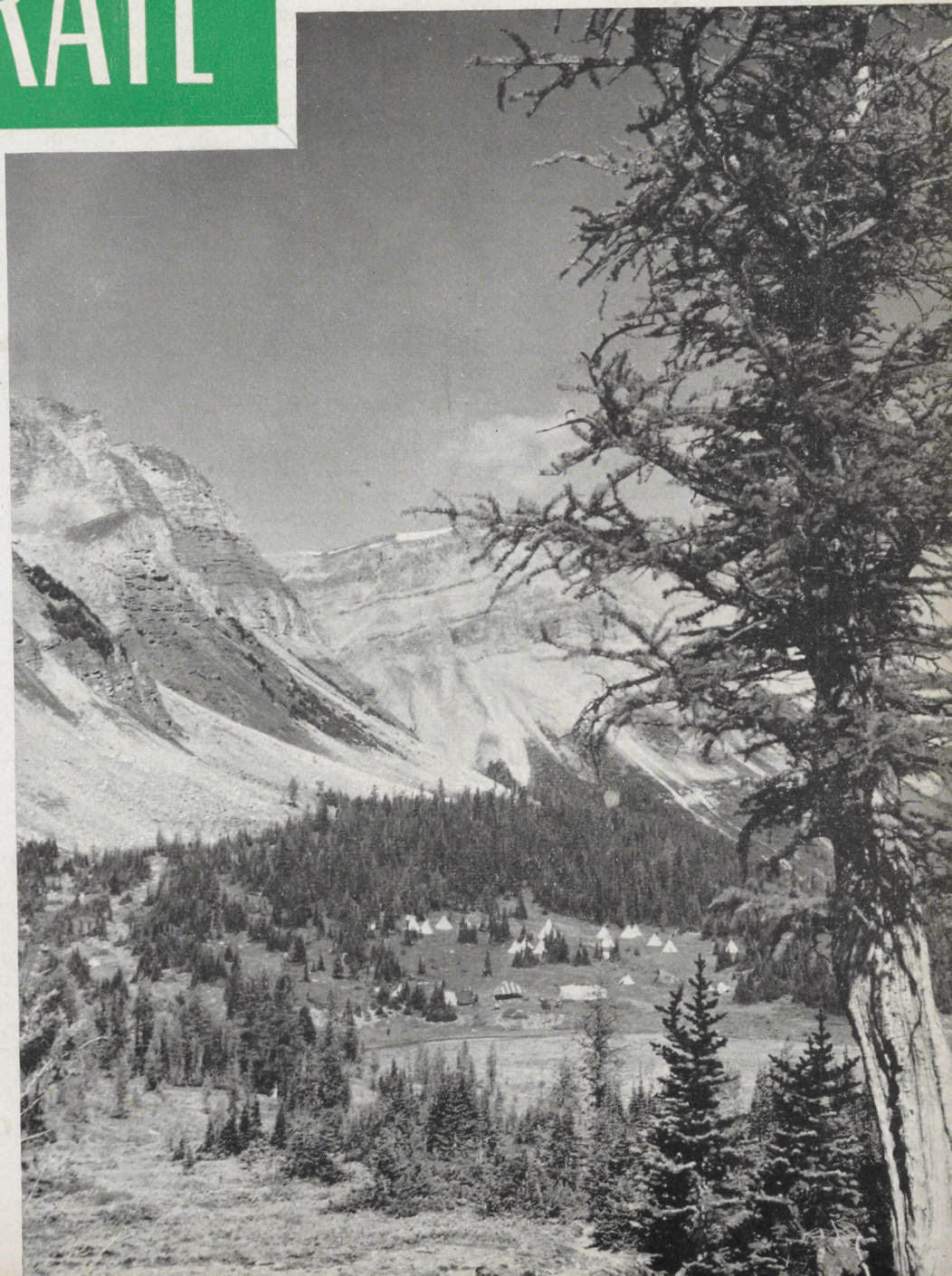




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SKYLINE TRAIL



No. 62

AUTUMN

1953

XBT 120

ON THE SKYLINE TRAIL OF '53

BAKER, Ronald A.	R.R. No. 1, Blackie, Alta.
BAKER, Mrs. Ronald A.	R.R. No. 1, Blackie, Alta.
BOYD, Miss Evelyn	Shelburne, Ont.
CATT, Mrs. N. Orme	Aberhart Memorial Sanitorium, Edmonton, Alta.
CHANTER, F. H. W. (Henry)	R.R. No. 1, Nelson, B.C.
CHAPMAN, Miss Laura	308 Ave. "J" North, Saskatoon, Sask.
DAVIDSON, Miss Evelyn R.	5631 Kenwood Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.
DeLACY, Miss Bea	5536 No. Maryland Ave., Portland, Ore.
EBBELINK, Peter	838—4th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
ELFORD, Miss Esther C.	944—14th St. S., Lethbridge, Alta.
FALLIS, Miss Annie M.	c/o Galt Hospital, Lethbridge, Alta.
FITCH, Franklyn E.	150 East 49th St., New York 17, N.Y.
FOSTER, Miss Georgiana	300 Medical Arts Bldg., 13700 Woodward Ave., Highland Park, Mich.
FOSTER, Miss Janet	300 Medical Arts Bldg., 13700 Woodward Ave., Highland Park, Mich.
FOSTER, Dr. W. M.	300 Medical Arts Bldg., 13700 Woodward Ave., Highland Park, Mich.
FOSTER, Mrs. W. M.	300 Medical Arts Bldg., 13700 Woodward Ave., Highland Park, Mich.
GALBRAITH, Miss Jean	616—14th St. S., Lethbridge, Alta.
GISH, Robt. B.	5832—45th Ave., Red Deer, Alta.
GISH, Norman	5832—45th Ave., Red Deer, Alta.
GOULD, Miss Dulce	1316 Gilley Ave., So. Burnaby, Vancouver, B.C.
HAWKES, Douglas	5832—45th Ave., Red Deer, Alta.
HENDRIE, Miss M. P. (Jimmie)	24 Lorraine Apts., Calgary, Alta.
HOLLINGWORTH, Frank	7732 Viewpoint Rd., Edmonton, Alta.
HOLLINGWORTH, Mrs. Frank	7732 Viewpoint Rd., Edmonton, Alta.
HUNT, Miss M. Jeanne	c/o General Offices, C.P.R., Calgary, Alta.
HUTCHINGS, Miss Edith I.	1304—10th St., Brandon, Man.
KLOESS, Gordon	Banff, Alta.
LAMAR, Mrs. E. P. (Irene)	1111—16A St. N.W., Calgary, Alta.
LAWRASON, Dr. D. M.	25—2nd St. S.E., Medicine Hat, Alta.
LAWRASON, Mrs. D. M.	25—2nd St. S.E., Medicine Hat, Alta.
LORE, Miss Mary S.	1621—4th St. N.W., Calgary, Alta.
MOODIE, Miss Marcella	4172 West 10th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
MORLEY, Miss Bernice	94 Farnham Ave., Toronto, Ont.
McCOWAN, Miss Helen	1021—9th St., Brandon, Man.
McCOWAN, Miss Margaret	1021—9th St., Brandon, Man.
NICHOLS, Graham	Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que.
RILEY, Dr. R. C.	323—38th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
RILEY, Mrs. R. C.	323—38th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
ROBINSON, Miss Kathleen	Tranquille, B.C.
RUSHBY, Mike	758 East 12th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
SHULMAN, L. W. (Lou)	622 Madison Ave., Calgary, Alta.
SIEGFRIED, Miss Jerry	1534 N. Market St., Wichita, Kans.
STEWART, Mrs. Dorothy	4516—55th St., Red Deer, Alta.
STEWART, Miss Patsy	4516—55th St., Red Deer, Alta.
THOMSON, Harry L.	#12—1075 Burnaby St., Vancouver, B.C.
THOMSON, Mrs. Harry L.	#12—1075 Burnaby St., Vancouver, B.C.
VALLANCE, Mrs. S. R. (Doris)	Banff, Alta.
WAGNER, Miss Edith M.	2561 Bloor St. W., Toronto 9, Ont.
WATKINS, Howard C.	1617 Summer St., Calgary, Alta.
WATKINS, Mrs. Howard C.	1617 Summer St., Calgary, Alta.
WATSON, Miss Doris J.	10915—85th Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
WATSON, Miss Kay	Ste 7, Kings Apts., Calgary, Alta.
WISHART, William (Bill)	2004—41st Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
ZYWERT, Miss Julia J. (Julie)	3656 N. Bosworth St., Chicago 13, Ill.

The Skyline Trail

Official Publication of the Skyline Trail
Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

The editor invites all members to contribute any news items or photographs they consider might be of interest to Trail Hikers in general. Any such material that cannot be used promptly will be kept on file for future issues or returned.

Address all communications to

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Skyline Trail Hikers,
Room 294, Windsor Station,
Montreal, Que.

NEWCOMERS GET ACQUAINTED

Films and Color Slides Highlight Hikers 'Social'

'Twas the night before H-Day and plenty was stirring in the hall of Banff's Rundle Memorial Church.

The occasion was our big get-acquainted social, held each year on the eve of our departure for the hills, with a view to "breaking the ice" for newcomers, reviewing our plans for the impending hike, renewing old acquaintances, and enjoying a first class program of entertainment as well.

Films, color slides, introductions, and songs in the trail hike manner set the pace for a two-hour program which never once threatened to bog down, and which was enthusiastically received by a record attendance of hikers, townspeople, and a few trail riders still in Banff at the time.

With Evelyn Boyd getting an initial workout as mistress of ceremonies, the program commenced with the showing of a hilarious film, depicting the antics of playful bear cubs, followed by two others of a more educational tone, shown by Bob Roberts through the courtesy of Banff National Park.

Scenes of previous hikes blazed into glorious color again as several talented members ran off their favorite kodachromes. Those contributing to this highly popular feature of the program included Jeanne Hunt, Mary Lore, Jerry Siegfried, Evelyn Boyd, and Henry Chanter. Each showing was accompanied by a running commentary of particular value to "first-timers" in the audience.

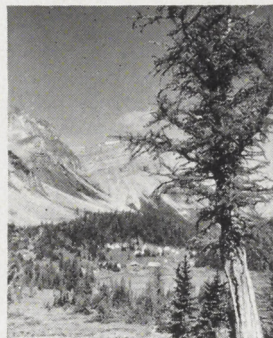
A spectacular wind-up was accorded the program by Nicholas Morant whose exquisite pictorial sequences of the Grand Canyon, with music to match, and a similar styled presentation of a former trail ride delighted the audience from start to finish.

The event proved an ideal curtain-raiser to an ideal hike.

OUR COVER

● We used to call it home sweet home. That's what members of this year's hike will be saying to themselves as they gaze wistfully on our cover photo! And if it results in a good old-fashioned case of nostalgia, so much the better.

The tiny white spires dotting landscape beyond the venerable larch mark a memorable campsite — one that was home-sweet-home this summer for more than 60 members of the boot and alpenstock fraternity. It will also be remembered by those who joined the safari in 1949.



Located within a stone's throw of the twin Skoki Lakes, the camp had just about everything in its favor. Reached by an excellent trail from Temple Lodge, it offered colorful access to a number of hiker-renowned objectives, including trout-teeming lakes.

This view of camp was photographed from Deception Pass by Bill Round when we camped there three years ago. As will be noted, the camp occupies a tree-studded slope, rising from the banks of a small river. Assembly tent and dining marquee are visible in foreground.

● Don't forget your big date next summer with the Skyliners. Buses will leave Banff on the morning of Saturday, July 31st for the '54 trailhead. And we won't be back till Wednesday evening, August 4th! Make a note of these dates on your favorite calendar.

IN THIS ISSUE

Accent on Comfort	6
Page from Hiker's Diary	8
Annual Meeting Held	13
Gibbon Memorial Fund	14
Flora of the Upland Trails	18
Henry Chanter Named President	20
Skyline Trails of Norway	22



A respite from the trails is enjoyed by hiker "B. J." Bowman, of Calgary, who brightens the camp scene with Jerry Campbell, of Penitcton. "B. J." will be remembered by those who hiked the Aylmer Pass trails in '51.

Couldn't Make It

Among our time-honored repeaters AWOL from this year's camp were Dr. A. (Sandy) Somerville, of Edmonton, Alta., official trail hike physician, and veteran member G. C. (Pop) Martin, of West Vancouver, B.C.

Actually we had early indications that Dr. Somerville would be unable to attend the Skoki Lakes camp. However, we have had similar storm signals in the past, only to have Sandy turn up at the last minute. This year we were not so fortunate.

Succeeding Sandy temporarily as camp M.D. was Dr. R. C. Riley, of Calgary, who handled our health problems with an expert touch and a smile thrown in. He also gave a lecture on how to keep foot-happy at a campfire session.

We have had no recent word on "Pop" Martin, but we expect his fine garden in West Van might have had something to do with his absence. We hope upland gardens of the Rockies will help capture his vote for '54.

MR. HOLMES SENDS REGRETS

Popular Hiker Missed By Colleagues at Skoki

"What do you hear from Holmesey?"

This was an oft-asked question during this year's camp, of veteran member E. P. Holmes, of Calgary, who for reasons of ill health, was compelled to forego the rigors of mountain camp life—at least for the time being.

A past president, and long-time booster of the association, Mr. Holmes did not forget us—any more than we forgot him—during those five days and nights in camp and on the trail. There were messages of regret from both sides.

A note, explaining his absence and extending his greetings, was penned by Mr. Holmes for reading in camp, while the hikers, on their part, prepared a message for Mr. Holmes, to which was affixed the signatures of every member of the '53 camp.

Mr. Holmes' message, dated August, 1953, reads as follows:

"It is a great disappointment for me to miss the 1953 hike owing to circumstances beyond my control. As some of you may know, on June 2nd I had an attack of coronary thrombosis and am still convalescing.

"I will sorely miss the friendships made over a period of eight consecutive years or longer. During that period we have had some wonderful times on the trails... Yes, the trail calls, but Doc says 'No'.

"I had better obey, therefore, and live up to the old adage 'He who fights and runs away may live to fight (or hike) another day.' So have the best hike ever. May God grant you good weather and an accident-free trip."

"Cautious Hiker" is the title given this eye-catching shot by Mary Lore, of Calgary. Nor do we blame the hiker for exercising extreme caution as he approaches the icy edge of abyss at left.



A Soliloquy



I went in search of poems
To describe the mountains I knew,
And though I scanned many volumes
The verses I found were few,
For rare are attempts to capture
In words of a measured pace
The spell of our highland landscape,
With its grandeur, peace and grace

But to those who know their beauty,
Who sense their healing peace,
They bring the balm of stillness,
And joys that never cease,
For when caught in the busy tumult,
In a rush, with bustle and strife,
We retreat in our minds to memories
Of a quieter, better life.

We tramp with unhurried footsteps
Up a trail which is rough and bare,
For we know when we reach the summit
Of the scene that will greet us there.
We see the walls of granite,
With their tops of glistening snow,
We see the lakes in their colors
Spread like rare gems below.

Evelyn Boyd

Why not the Transom?

Bellboy (at guest's door)—Telegram for you, sir.

Tip-weary guest—Okay, just slip it under the door.

Bellboy—Can't, sir.

Guest—Why not?

Bellboy—It's on a tray, sir.

INITIAL SUPPLY SNAPPED UP

Trail Hiker Crests Prove Instant Hit

Some people wear their heart on their sleeves. Personally we think a boot looks much better—particularly when it takes the form of our proud insignia, stitched in gold on a green and white background.

This, too, was the unanimous opinion of hikers who saw the new crests on display this summer in the registration office. The half dozen displayed



(to ascertain their popularity I.Q.) were snapped up in short order while orders for the crests poured in right and left.

The subject of felt arm patches came to the fore at our annual meeting last year when the secretary-treasurer was requested to explore the field and come up with a sample or two. This was carried out during the winter with an Edmonton firm giving us the best product at the most satisfactory cost.

It will be noted that the new crest, which measures four inches in diameter, also features the alpenstock, this being part of the original design as submitted by R. H. Palenske, of Woodstock, Ill., several years ago. It was only when the alpenstock declined in popularity as a hiker's accessory that the implement was deleted from the official emblem.

However, in its enlarged form, the boot looked altogether too lonesome all by itself, with the result that the alpenstock was restored to its rightful place to produce a more balanced design. Judging by the few comments received to date, the move was a popular one.

Cost of the new crest is \$3.50—the same price as the enamel button.

Accent on Comfort

by ROBT. W. SHEARMAN

HAVE you ever wanted to tramp on foot through truly spectacular country for days on end, but resisted the impulse after turning your thoughts to heavy packs and cooking equipment? If so, you should reconsider at once, directing your thoughts to the Canadian Rockies.

Here, thanks to a system of chalets operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, the hiker can sleep at night in a comfortable bed and enjoy the best of food without the worry of blankets or mess kits.

How should you plan a hiking trip in the Canadian Rockies? It's really not difficult at all. Carry with you a rucksack with change of clothing, toilet articles, and space for your daily lunch. Be sure to wear stout walking shoes. You might wish to leave your "store" clothes in a suitcase, and check through to some point you will visit after your hike.

Where to hike in the Canadian Rockies? You can do no better than concentrate on Yoho National Park in British Columbia which lies just west of Lake Louise across the Continental Divide.

Suggested walking trip

Here is a suggested walking trip: Travel by train to Field, B.C., where you will be met by buses and transported eight miles to picturesque Emerald Lake Chalet. From the Chalet, where you'll stay overnight, radiate myriads of alpine trails, breathtaking in their beauty. Exploring this area will keep you happily occupied for your first day.

Next day you'll want to climb to the summit of Burgess Pass where you can look *up* at the perpendicular wall of Mount Burgess, *down* at colorful Emerald Lake far below, and *across* at Michael Peak, capped with a glacier.

You feel you are a *part* of the Canadian Rockies as you follow the easy trail along the slopes of Mount Wapta to Yoho Pass, hearing and seeing the whistling marmots as you tramp along.

But it's when you cross Yoho Pass, and begin the descent into Yoho Valley, that you have your great thrill of the day. For here the great Takakaw Falls come into view. Here water from the retreating "baby" glacier roars over a precipice 1,200 feet high—many times higher than Niagara. At the base of these falls, and on the floor of Yoho Valley, is your home for the second night—Yoho Valley Lodge. Don't be surprised if a bear lumbers across the path on the lodge grounds!

An eight-mile hike up Yoho Valley to Twin Falls Chalet should highlight your third day's program. Along the way you will pass several picturesque waterfalls tumbling over the steep valley walls.

Among the best remembered are Point Lace Falls, Laughing Falls, and of course, Twin Falls itself. Situated at the base of Twin Falls is the rustic chalet. As Twin Falls can be reached only by trail, do not look for the motorist and his car



A file of hikers plods along the Rocky Mountain skyline. Alpenstocks and ice axes are favorite accessories for skyliners on the high trails.

here. If you arrive early enough in the day, and your spirits are willing, you will consider climbing the 1,500 feet to the top of Twin Falls by a well-marked trail. Keep your eyes open for deer and elk in this area.

On the fourth day, return by "High Line Trail" to Yoho Valley Lodge. The scenic splendor is difficult to describe in words but, let us say, you now are really in and among the mountains. A side trip up the Little Yoho Valley gives rewarding views of Mts. President and Vice-President.

After spending another night at Yoho Valley Lodge, you may prefer to ride the morning bus to Lake Wapta in order to avoid a long walk on roads. The bus descends a road with many hairpin turns, and then climbs Kicking Horse Pass near the famous Spiral Tunnels of the Canadian Pacific. You may want lunch at Lake Wapta Lodge before starting on the trail to Lake O'Hara. This is an easy eight-mile walk. Lake O'Hara, emerald green in color and surrounded by snow-capped peaks, is probably the most

(Continued on adjacent page)

ACCENT ON COMFORT

(Continued from adjacent page)

beautiful of all lakes in Yoho National Park. It is reached only by trail. A warm welcome awaits you at Lake O'Hara Lodge, the headquarters for hiking enthusiasts.

Trails well maintained by the local "Lake O'Hara Hiking Club" radiate in all directions. Your sixth day can well be spent in exploring the best of them. If your schedule permits but one full day at Lake O'Hara, then Odaray Plateau and Lake McArthur are the "musts."

You will not want to leave Lake O'Hara in a hurry. But when you do, whether it be the seventh day—or the seventeenth—you will retrace your steps eight miles by easy trail to Lake Wapta. Here is a little station with the unusual name of "Hector". The Canadian Pacific provides a green flag, which when waved with vigor, will bring a transcontinental limited—"The Dominion"—to a full stop to start you on your way home.

The best of the Canadian Rockies has been placed within your grasp thanks to carefully scheduled train and bus service, chalets and lodges strategically located, and hiking trails well maintained.

A Christmas Present For a Fellow Hiker



● Here's a suggestion that may facilitate your Christmas shopping—that is if (a) intended recipient is a trail hiker (b) he or she doesn't own one already and (c) he or she appreciates a touch of color in the lapel or elsewhere.

The gift suggestion—you've probably guessed it—is a rich enamelled button or brooch bearing the association's insignia. Available in two striking color combinations—with red and gold predominating—the pins sell for the same old price, \$3.50 each postpaid.

Equipped with screw cap attachment for men's lapels and with safety brooch clasp for the ladies, the pins are well packed in small blue boxes, handy for wrapping and Christmas mailing. We have a liberal stock on hand and guarantee prompt mailing service!

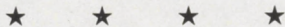
If all your hiker friends have pins already, why not get one for yourself?



(Nick Morant photo)

From a vantage point high on Banff's Sulphur Mountain a trio of hikers enjoys an unexcelled view of the Bow River Valley with the snow-capped Fairholme Range forming a striking backdrop. In the foreground far below, is the stately Banff Springs Hotel, appearing from a distance as a miniature palace. The Spray River can be seen joining the Bow in front of the hotel.

Page from a Trail Hiker's Diary



STUNT NITE HILARIOUS CLIMAX TO HIKE



Ptarmigan can hike too

THE HIKE of '53 got underway with the usual Friday night get-together in the basement of Rundle Memorial Church. As a large number of this year's hikers were old-timers, greetings were generally of an informal note, with such queries as "What did you do last year?" or "What happened to Howard this year?" being the order.

Mr. Roberts of the National Parks Board showed an amusing film of the antics of three bear cubs, followed by a more serious subject. Many of last year's hikers brought along their best color slides which were kindly shown us by Mr. Morant. Jerry Siegfried's 'resting' pictures provided many a laugh. Mr. Morant's scenes of the Grand Canyon set to the music of Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite were wonderful and proved an inspiration to the large number of photography experts among the hikers.

On Saturday morning we assembled at the Mount Royal Hotel. From here the buses took us to the base of Temple Lodge road, while we continued our upward journey by a duffle truck as far as the horse corral near the lodge. The day was cool with hiking conditions ideal. Eventually everyone reached the lunch stop. I, for one, am still wondering why the lunch stop involved the crossing of two creeks which had to be recrossed before we could get back on the trail.

Home, seen from near the top of Deception Pass, with the two Skoki lakes in the left foreground, looked very attractive and proved so when we reached it. Even those who had lived on the same site in '49 were glad to be back on the old stamping ground.

On Saturday night, at camp fire, the hikers were asked to introduce themselves and tell how they happened to be in camp. The most original reason offered was that of a husband, who since he shared a bank account with his wife, had to come along. For the benefit of the newcomers, Lou Shulman, who on his own admission was the senior hiker present, gave a talk on trail etiquette. Since Kay Watson and Mary Lore would only be present for that night they gave their 'stunt' which involved an appropriate jingle and a 'cake' for the Association's twenty-first birthday.

On Sunday, camp was empty as groups went off to Red Deer Lake, to Merlin Ridge and to Natural Bridge while three started up Fossil Mountain. The tales brought back suggested the formation of a Skoki Lakes 'Whoppers' Club that would have put better known clubs to shame.

On Monday, the groups went to much the same places as had been visited on Sunday, but different people made the trips. A hilarious council meeting took place at which, as well as transacting the necessary business, it was moved that the minutes of last year's meeting be burned.

Out of Monday night's campfire grew the phrases "red foot and green foot" since Tommy explained that no woman knew her left foot

● Highlights of a perfect hike—as told by Evelyn Boyd, of Shelburne, Ont., our campfire M.C. A resume of the prehike social, the daily trips, nightly sing songs, the council meeting, right to the last act where hikers got five more miles than they bargained for.

from her right, but that all would be able to operate under a guide's direction if such were presented in colors! We were told too, that on return trips it was possible for groups to run away from Lou, and that he could be made quite mild if refused the stick necessary for the crossing of a stream.

Also on Monday Edith Wagner broke a bridge (and got wet) when she put all her weight on one of two logs. Her comment "They always told me, when I saw a man's arms to keep my head. No one ever mentioned my feet" seemed appropriate. Evelyn Davidson sat in a creek that day too, but everyone survived.

Our Junior Three sang "White Coral Bells", while Mr. Gish's quartet sang several numbers.

Dr. Riley gave an interesting account of camp medicine, the hows and whys of blisters, etc. Frank Fitch gave an account of Henry and his experience with some frogs.

On Tuesday a number of people went to the Skoki Lakes. Since these were so close, some felt they were in danger of leaving camp without seeing them. The photo contest for the coming year was announced that night and directions for breaking camp were given.

While it is not possible to rate the stunts higher than those of the '52 camp they were of a very high order. Our three girls gave a very realistic take-off on the camp as seen through their eyes while Dr. Foster's 'moose' was unforgettable.

Jerry, Doris, and Noreen made appropriate presentations to various campers. These included a fishing fly to Jimmy, cotton socks to Dr. Riley, and running shoes to Lou. Norman Gish, assisted by Bob, gave a fine demonstration of concentrated thinking, in a card act.

Frank Hollingworth, assisted by Frank Fitch, showed us the proper procedure for going to bed in comfort. I am told the regalia was almost all his own. Henry Chanter's park bench pantomime was realistic and terrific.

Marcella Moodie's trainees from Hiking Hooligan's Hall gave us some appropriate exercises, which unfortunately for most of us, came four days too late. Dulcie and Laura showed in

rhyme that they had caught the spirit of camp, while Evelyn and Julie showed us ourselves as others see us in 'Did You Ever See a Camper?' Pete's mechanical man (Mike Rushby) was another side-splitter.

The walk out was pleasant until it was discovered that the Park's Board officials had decided the downward bound truck could carry duffle only—No riders. Eventually this difficulty was ironed out though, I suspect, a few telephone wires got melted in the process. "However," said the more philosophic members "it made our hike several hours longer than it might have been!"

● The editor wishes to thank all those who submitted material—both literary and photographic—for this issue of "Skyline Trail." Additional material submitted, due to lack of space, will appear in the next issue.

Photographic honors go to Bill Round, Mary Lore, Nicholas Morant, Doris Watson, E. P. Holmes, Ron Duke, to name a few, while major literary efforts were submitted by Evelyn Boyd, Robt. W. Shearman, Nina LeBoutillier, Elsie Lloyd and Joan Alderson.

Trail bikers negotiate a piece of upgrade on Deception pass. This was area explored by Skyliners on this year's hike.



Trail Time in the Rockies



Paradise above timberline—High lake and Mount Balfour in Little Yoho area. Photo was snapped by Georgia Engelhard while snows of yesteryear still clung to lake's marge.

Hikers take it easy following long march over timberline meadow. The area is typical trail hike terrain, reached from Banff or Lake Louise. Meadow lies at altitude of approximately 8,000 feet above sea level.



Hiker pauses in reverence before the massive bulk of Mount Marpole and Emerald Glacier. Photo, also the work of Georgia Engelhard, is further proof of what the Little Yoho Valley offers the hiker.



Hike Photo Prize Winner!



● It's hard to believe that the calendar read "August 2nd" when above wintry scene was snapped somewhere in the Rockies last year to win for Franklyn E. Fitch, of New York, first prize in our annual Hikefoto Contest.

Snow comes early and remains late in the Simpson Pass country, southwest of Banff, where the '52 Hikers made their camp headquarters. During the hike season, however, the white stuff is generally confined to isolated patches above timberline—in the lee of heavy rock where Old Sol finds it awkward to turn on the steam.

It will be noted that the Skyliners are making the most of their unseasonable patch of winter wonderland with several members apparently picked out for targets for hastily made ammunition. Minutes later they will be treading over flower-carpeted alpine meadows with their myriads of wildflowers.

Mr. Fitch, who has contributed a number of outstanding photos to the Bulletin in recent years, was presented with his cash prize while attending this year's trail hike. He was subsequently appointed a member of the Council at our annual meeting at Skoki Lakes.

It was significant that Mr. Fitch's winning entry won the nod of approval from three independent judges. In other words the decision was unanimous. And we think our readers will agree that Mr. Fitch has made the most of an interesting phase of life on the trail.

Runners-up in Photo Contest

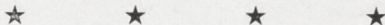


"Highland Soliloquy" has been suggested as an apt title for above photo, snapped by Doris Watson, of Edmonton, Alta., winner of the second prize for last year's annual Hikefoto Contest. The highlands referred to lie south-west of Banff in the Simpson Pass country reached from Sunshine Lodge, long a favorite area for Trail Riders and Hikers. Miss Watson, a member of the Council, has kept the Bulletin well supplied with photo material during recent years.



When E. P. Holmes, of Calgary, Alta., clicked his camera among these larches above Egypt Lake, he also won himself third prize in the annual Hikefoto Contest. Mr. Holmes, who missed this year's hike due to illness, received his cash award by mail. Names of all prizewinners were announced at campfire assembly. Mr. Holmes is a past president of the Association and has long been recognized as a skilful photographer and an equally skilful writer.

Hikers Hold 21st Annual Meet



THE RESOUNDING success of this year's hike was reflected in the annual meeting during which recommendations, suggestions for improvements and complaints reached a new low.

With 14 members of the executive, council and committees in attendance, the meeting got underway promptly at 4.00 P.M., August 3rd in the President's Tepee, with Irene Lamar presiding.

It was moved by Anne Fallis and seconded by Lou W. Shulman that the minutes of last year's meeting be adopted. The motion came after the secretary-treasurer summed up the minutes' highlights and the prepared agenda.

● Smooth functioning of 1953 camp praised at annual meeting in President's Tepee during which all concerned were given vote of thanks. Mount Assiniboine and Wolverine Plateau included in suggested locales for next year's base camp. Association contributes \$25.00 to John Murray Gibbon Memorial Fund.

At the secretary-treasurer's request a poll was taken among those assembled as to preferred dates of publication for "Skyline Trail" magazine. The majority vote called for a three-a-year schedule, with publication slated for February, May and October.

It was also suggested that a list of items required for the hikes be published in detail in the Bulletin—preferably in the May issue. A further suggestion that the Bulletin make more

use of Christian names of members was unanimously approved.

Suggested campsites for 1954 were discussed with the following locales receiving strong support: Mt. Assiniboine, Paradise Valley, Yoho Valley, Wolverine Plateau and Lake O'Hara. The fact that Assiniboine was also being considered by the Trail Riders was emphasized.

Only suggestion for camp concerned wash basins and water pails, it being recommended that each tepee be supplied with these two commodities and that outfitter be approached with this in view.

It was moved by Marcella Moodie and seconded by Henry Chanter that the sum of \$25.00 be contributed by the association to the John Murray Gibbon Memorial Fund. The motion was carried unanimously.

A letter from Ian C. Somerville, of Willow Grove, Pa., expressing best wishes to the hikers, was read to the assembly.

Election of officers was the final item on the '53 agenda with the results appearing elsewhere in this issue. It was subsequently moved by Jerry Siegfried and seconded by Marcella Moodie that the meeting adjourn.

Those in attendance were Lou W. Shulman, Miss M. Jeanne Hunt, Mrs. S. R. Vallance, Miss M. P. (Jimmie) Hendrie, Miss Jerry Siegfried, Miss Doris J. Watson, Mrs. E. P. (Irene) Lamar, Miss Anne Fallis, Mrs. R. C. Riley, Graham Nichols, Miss Evelyn Boyd, Miss Jean Galbraith, F. H. W. Chanter, Miss Marcella Moodie.



It's easy to see that mountain sheep have seen bikers before. And apparently the latter have made a favorable impression on their shaggy four-footed counterparts who show not the slightest trace of fear as the bikers approach.

Gibbon Memorial Fund Close to Objective

★ ★ ★

OBJECTIVE: \$350.00; Collections to date: \$251.00.

These figures show the current status of the John Murray Gibbon Memorial Fund established last year by trail hikers and trail riders for the erection of a suitable memorial to our late founder.

The total includes a special donation of \$25.00 donated by the Skyline Trail Hikers association as voted by the council at this year's annual meeting.

In addition to the funds already submitted, there have been a number of pledges from members of both associations as well as other friends of Dr. Gibbon, who passed away last summer after 20 years' association with the Trail Hikers.

The memorial—a bronze plaque set in a pedestal of native stone—will stand in the little Banff cemetery where Dr. Gibbon's ashes were interred following last year's trail rides.

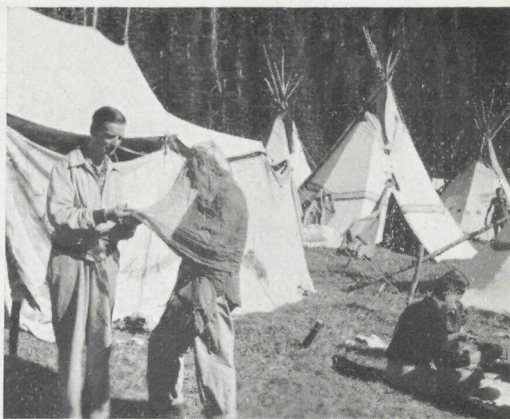
The plaque, which closely identifies Dr. Gibbon with both associations, has already been completed by Chas. A. Beil, of Banff, one of Canada's leading sculptors. It is hoped that a photo of the completed memorial may appear in the next issue of this magazine.

Donations received to date from the following are gratefully acknowledged:

Mrs. P. A. Moore, Banff, Alta.; Dr. H. W. Price, Calgary, Alta.; Mrs. E. P. Lamar, Calgary, C. M. Smith, Vancouver, B.C.; Graham Nichols, Montreal, Que.; D. Leo Dolan, Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. Mary Sieburth, Vancouver; Mrs. A. O. Wheeler, Vancouver; H. E. Sampson, Regina, Sask.; W. E. Edwards, Washington, D.C.; E. M. Kaufman, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss P. E. MacKellar, Montreal; Mrs. Mary Weekes, Regina; Dr. A. Somerville, Edmonton, Alta.; Mrs. Harry Dooley, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Barbara Brewster, Banff, Alta.; Frank E. Sabin, Eureka, Mont.; Franklyn E. Fitch, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. S. R. Vallance, Banff; Mrs. W. A. Fuerst, Cincinnati, O.

Miss Nina LeBoutillier, Montreal; Dr. Dorothy I. Muirhead, Hastings, Minn.; Miss Marcella Moodie, Vancouver; Miss Connie Swartz, Vancouver; Miss Mamie McCowan, Brandon, Man.; Lou W. Shulman, Calgary; H. C. Watkins, Calgary; Miss M. P. Hendrie, Calgary; F. H. W. Chanter, Nelson, B.C.; Ian C. Somerville, Willow Grove, Pa.; Miss Eunice A. Grobe, Milwaukee, Wis.



"Pop" Martin, of West Vancouver, B.C., displays the fine points of his celebrated mosquito net to the secretary-treasurer during a recent hike. Mr. Martin's unique headgear has been the envy of many a hiker, accustomed to more conventional protection methods such as lotions, creams and just plain old-fashioned hand-slapping.

New Bulletin Devoted To This Year's Hike!

★ ★ ★

Would you like to live again those five glamorous days of early August? Would you like to hike once more those same old alpine trails, renew acquaintance with your former camp colleagues, or sing again those campfire songs you loved so well?

We'd be happy to help but unfortunately that old calendar refuses to be pushed around—at least backwards. We can, however, provide a happy alternative which should satisfy the most homesick hiker. We refer to the next issue of "Skyline Trail", soon to follow, which will be devoted almost exclusively to this year's hike.

Already we have rounded up a tempting assortment of photos, ranging from personnel closeups, in camp and on the trail, to broad panoramics, all earmarked for presentation in the forthcoming edition.

The old memory train will be equally well refuelled by articles contributed by hikers who were right on the spot while the hike was underway! One of these was penned by President Henry Chanter, while the secretary-treasurer and others have additional write-ups to offer.

Articles by E. P. Holmes, of Calgary, and Nina LeBoutillier, of Montreal, will further enhance the issue which should also contain additional information on next year's hike.

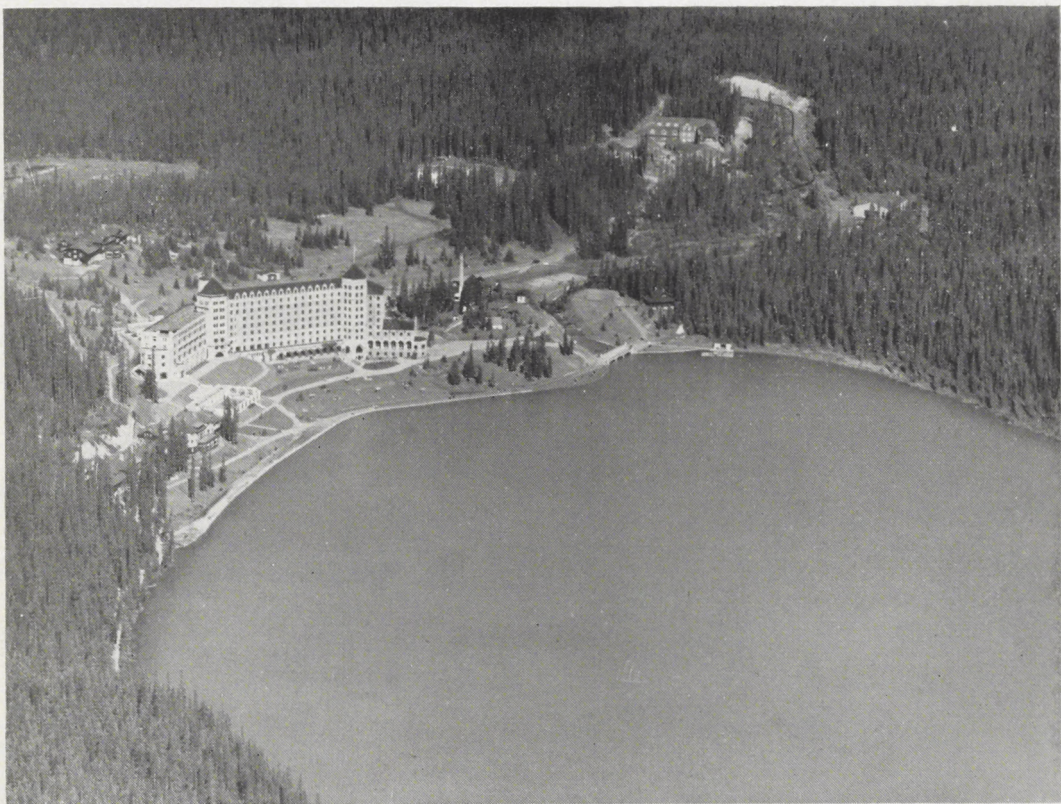
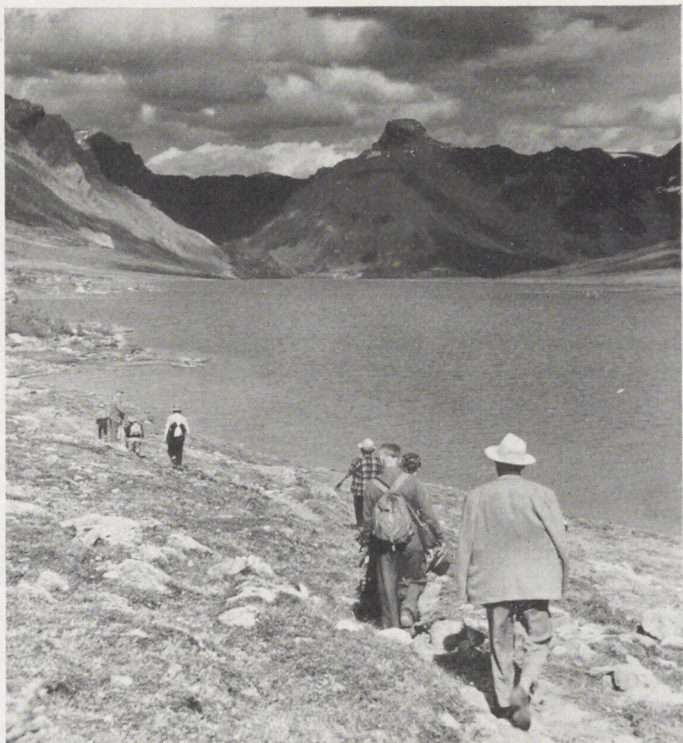
For a hike back to yesterday—or a peep into the future—you'll find the next issue of "Skyline Trail" will help point the way.

Where There's a Lake, There's a Trail!

● It would be difficult to imagine a hike itinerary that did not include a smattering of lakes or alpine tarns somewhere along the way. A glance at any trail map of the Rockies will indicate the proximity of leading trails to the marge of these upland tarns whose colors vary with the ever changing lights.

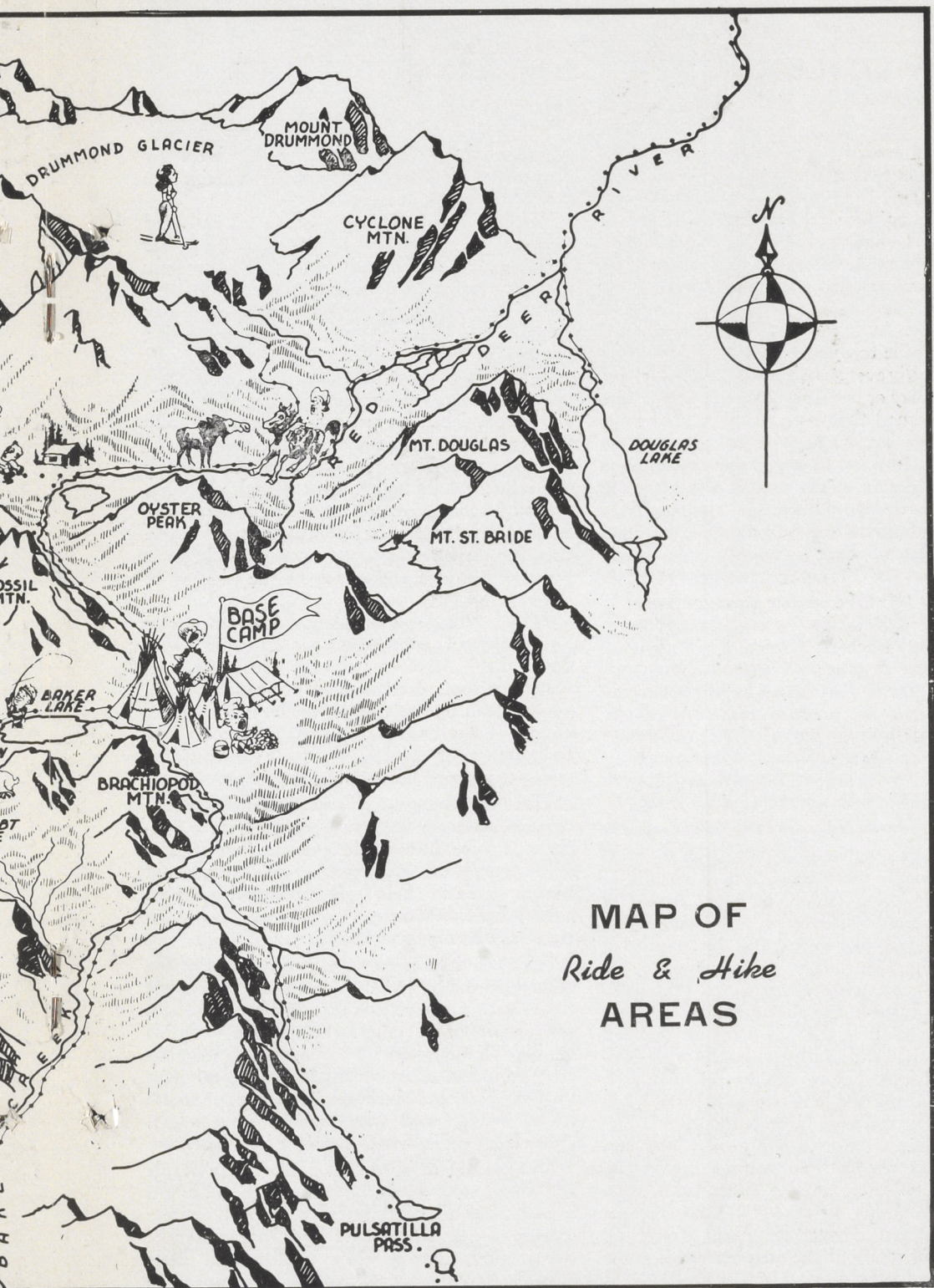
In addition to their charm for the aesthetic onlooker, and their appeal to the camera enthusiast, many of the highland lakes yield rich dividends for the ever-present angler in our midst. Red Deer and Redoubt Lakes rewarded several anglers on this year's trip, as Ptarmigan and Baker Lakes have done in the past.

And memorable from the hiker's standpoint this year were the twin Skoki Lakes at the threshold of our camp. Photo at right was taken in same area.



Loveliest of them all—Lake Louise, a jade green jewel more than a mile high in the Canadian Rockies. In this unusual view, the photographer had his back to the Lake's million-dollar backdrop—the spectacular Victoria Glacier whose glittering white image is frequently mirrored in the lake's unruffled surface. On the lake's marge, facing the 10,000-ft. glacier, is the Chateau Lake Louise, a favorite headquarters for members in the past.





MAP OF
Ride & Hike
AREAS

Flora of the Upland Trails



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A GOOD THING

by NINA LeBOUTILLIER

THOSE of us with a yen for wild flower study as well as hiking the good old trails were able to combine the pursuit of both hobbies at this year's camp. Along the trailside, across those mountain-girt alpine meadows were found myriads of dazzling blooms, some of which are completely unknown in the lower altitudes.

Many of these blooms were found to vary with their locality. As a result of this distribution, hikers were able to discover new and rare specimens practically every day on each mountain slope, sun-filled valley or perhaps by a little alpine tarn.

Hikers learned that even a slight knowledge of alpine flora could add to their enjoyment on the trail. In addition to being able to enlighten fellow members as to the species of a bloom in question, this same knowledge also provided members with ammunition to describe the floral wonders to friends back home.

● *Plant life takes many unusual forms in the broad upland meadows of the Canadian Rockies. Here, high above timberline, myriads of delicate blooms, ranging from the many-hued Indian paint-brush to rare species of wild orchids, delight the botanist. The accompanying article will give the hiker an introduction to certain types of flora likely to be encountered on the skyline trails.*

Many hikers are already in possession of "Wild Flower Diaries", these consisting of records of their wild-flowering jaunts, with the names of species they have discovered each season and photos—some in color—depicting the beauties of the flowers in their natural surroundings.

These enthusiasts have discovered that wild-flowers can furnish the incentive for a pleasant pastime and not one—as many are inclined to believe—that ends with the last rose of summer. This happy hobby can be pursued with enjoyment during the long winter months when we have no special urge to be outdoors.

If there is no conservatory nearby you can get satisfying results from reading up on the subject, via books, magazines and articles, with particular emphasis on study of those blooms you encountered during the hike. You'll be surprised how many of the answers you'll know when you go a-hiking next year. And so will your friends.

To start you on your way we will discuss

several of the better known varieties with a few observations to help you make their acquaintance on the trail next summer.

The first warm days of June (a bit early for Hikers) welcome the chalice cup species of anemone, one of the most beautiful of the early mountain flowers. Its handsome white blossoms, purple-shaded on the outside, are frequently spied in the higher regions close by retreating patches of melting snow. Another lovely gift of early June is the white clematis, whose clusters of small flowers are composed of fine silky petals and oblong-lobed leaves. The latter is generally found along the marge of an alpine stream.

Another familiar friend of the Skyliners is the yellow columbine. A lover of high altitudes, it may be found among the rocks as far as the 8,000-ft. level where the soil is so light and sparse that the stem seems to have no foothold as it gracefully swings and sways at the bidding of the breeze.

That lovely flowering plant known as woolly Labrador tea is another one for the Hiker's wild flower diary. Its flower clusters consist of individual blossoms, each made up of five snow white petals. Both flowers and leaves have a fragrant aroma. It has been claimed that oldtimers and Indians formerly used the plant as a substitute for tea—a concoction brewed from its pungent leaves.

There are also great colonies of yellow adder's tongues, scenting the mountain air with a delicious perfume. Late in the evening, beneath the starlit purple of the sky, the yellow and gold blooms flame in their leafy setting with a pale golden light. At noon they are glorified gems strewing the woodland trails.

From the deep green valleys to the edge of the eternal snows the Indian paint-brush clothes the slopes with a marvellous mantle of color. There are no words to describe the beauty of this familiar alpine flower as it runs riot in magnificent profusion of every shade from coral pink to tangerine and cardinal. The plant, whose leaves are pointed with smooth even edges, grows from six inches to two feet in height.

Also prominent in the color parade are purple and alpine milk vetch, both of which are found in high altitudes. The latter is a lovely fragile species, recognized by its very fine grasslike stems, tiny, narrow silky leaflets and little pinkish-mauve blossoms growing far apart in long slender clusters which give the plant a delicate feathery look.



Pensive trail hikers cool their feet in the waters of alpine lake. Note interesting contrast of opposite shorelines—snow on one side and flowers on the other. Photo, by Doris Watson, was a contender for honors in last year's Hikefoto Contest.

At the mercy of the breeze, the red, white and blue wind flowers, found in profusion throughout the upland meadows, seldom live to a ripe old age. The wind blows them open and then—to undo its good work—wafts them away!

Then when July rolls around the accent is on heather. The white mountain heather covering the alpine slopes and meadows presents a magnificent picture, while in a very few localities the lovely bells of the pink mountain heather reward the hiker.

Queen of alpine forest

Very rare too are the exquisite white mocassin flowers, usually found in shady places where the soil is moist and rich. This species of the orchid family as a rule bears only a single terminal flower and resembles a small white "lady's slipper".

A delicate white flower, with leaves resembling those of the lily-of-the-valley, it fairly carpets the ground in the vicinity of Moraine Lake and the slopes of Emerald Lake. Also referred to as the queen-cup, its pure white blossom boasts the title of "queen of all the snowy flower-cups of the alpine forest."

Macoun's gentian is a rare heavenly-blue flower found in moist places. These blooms are extremely elusive, seldom reappearing in the same spot for two consecutive years. Being an "annual", it is perpetuated by seed alone. Consequently, its reappearance the following season depends upon the direction of the wind and where the moist air helps it to germinate. To locate a clump of these precious floral gems is like the climax of a successful treasure hunt.

There are numerous low-growing plants that flourish near the hilltops, such as the little yellow Drummond's dryas, which later develops into the loveliest feathery-tufted seed-heads. Then too there are the alpine brook saxifrage, the purple-blue harebell, moss campion, yellow fleabane and twinkling little yellow blossoms of the stonecrop... ..all low-growing species that scarcely exceed six inches in height.

Along the marge of clear mountain streams, new treasures pop up on every side. Among the most exquisite species to be garnered are the fly-spotted orchis, purple butterwort, grass-of-Parnassus, blue lobelia and lavender mints.

While in search of wildflowers in the Rockies one cannot help but learn a little of other forms of plant life, including the many species of ferns, fungi, mosses, lichens and finally the great trees themselves.

Some of the trees, best known to Skyline Trail Hikers, include the lodge-pole pine, Engelmann's spruce, Rocky Mountain juniper, yew, white spruce, mountain hemlock and the lovely "Lyal's larch" with its tender pale green needles which turn golden-hued in September. Another well known species is the aspen poplar, whose heart-shaped leaves grow on slender stalks and tremble with a soft rustling sound with the whispering of the mountain breezes.

And now, with the end of summer, we have the flaming reds and autumn golds that paint the forests with vivid beauty. With this magnificent display of color, the good old summertime becomes a pleasant memory until Springtime returns to raise the curtain once more on a new display of floral treasures.

Don't forget these important dates!
Saturday, July 31st through Wednesday, August 4th

A DUE REMINDER

● Trail Hikers who have not yet paid their annual membership dues for the current year are requested to attend to this matter before the year's end. The amount is \$3.00 per annum.

As most members know, we have four regular sources of collecting revenue. These consist of annual membership itself, a small percentage of annual ride fee, and sale of trail ride buttons and crests. The dues, however, constitute the major source of the association's income.

Payment of dues entitles the member to the "Skyline Trail" magazine, eligibility for membership on the executive and council and other privileges associated with the organization.

Please make cheques payable to the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, and send to the Secretary-Treasurer, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal.

An official receipt and membership card will be sent by return mail.

Popular Canine Hiker



In reply to numerous enquiries as to Teddy's whereabouts, Frank Hollingworth explained that the shaggy pack-toting Collie of '51 fame was taking a summer course at U. of Alberta. He did not elaborate on the nature of the subject. The camera-conscious canine is seen above enjoying siesta in tepee.

OTHER OFFICERS ELECTED

Henry Chanter Named Association President

F. H. W. (Henry) Chanter, of Nelson, B.C., was elected president of the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies at the association's 21st annual meeting August 3rd at our Skoki Lakes camp.

A former vice-president, and highly enthusiastic member of the group since he joined five years ago, Henry was chosen unanimously to succeed Mrs. E. P. (Irene) Lamar whose efforts and support during the past year helped to make the 1953 camp one of the best attended and most successful in recent years.

Mr. Chanter was "spotted" as presidential timber from the day he joined. He has since proven himself an expert hiker, a competent group leader, a first class narrator of campfire yarns, and can click a mean camera shutter as well.

Mr. Chanter has also been responsible for a number of contributions published in previous issues of the Bulletin. His latest article, covering this year's hike, will appear in the next edition. He is a previous member of the council.

Succeeding Mr. Chanter as vice-president is Frank Hollingworth, of Edmonton, whom we first met (along with Mrs. Hollingworth and Teddy the hiking Collie) at Aylmer Pass camp in 1951. Mr. Hollingworth is a former member of the council and completely at home on the high ridges.

To the council we welcome Franklyn E. Fitch, of New York, who during his few years with the association, has proven himself a worthy member in every respect, and one who bears watching in future presidential appointments. In addition to being a good hiker, Frank is a first class campfire speaker and, like Henry Chanter, is a master of the lens and shutter.

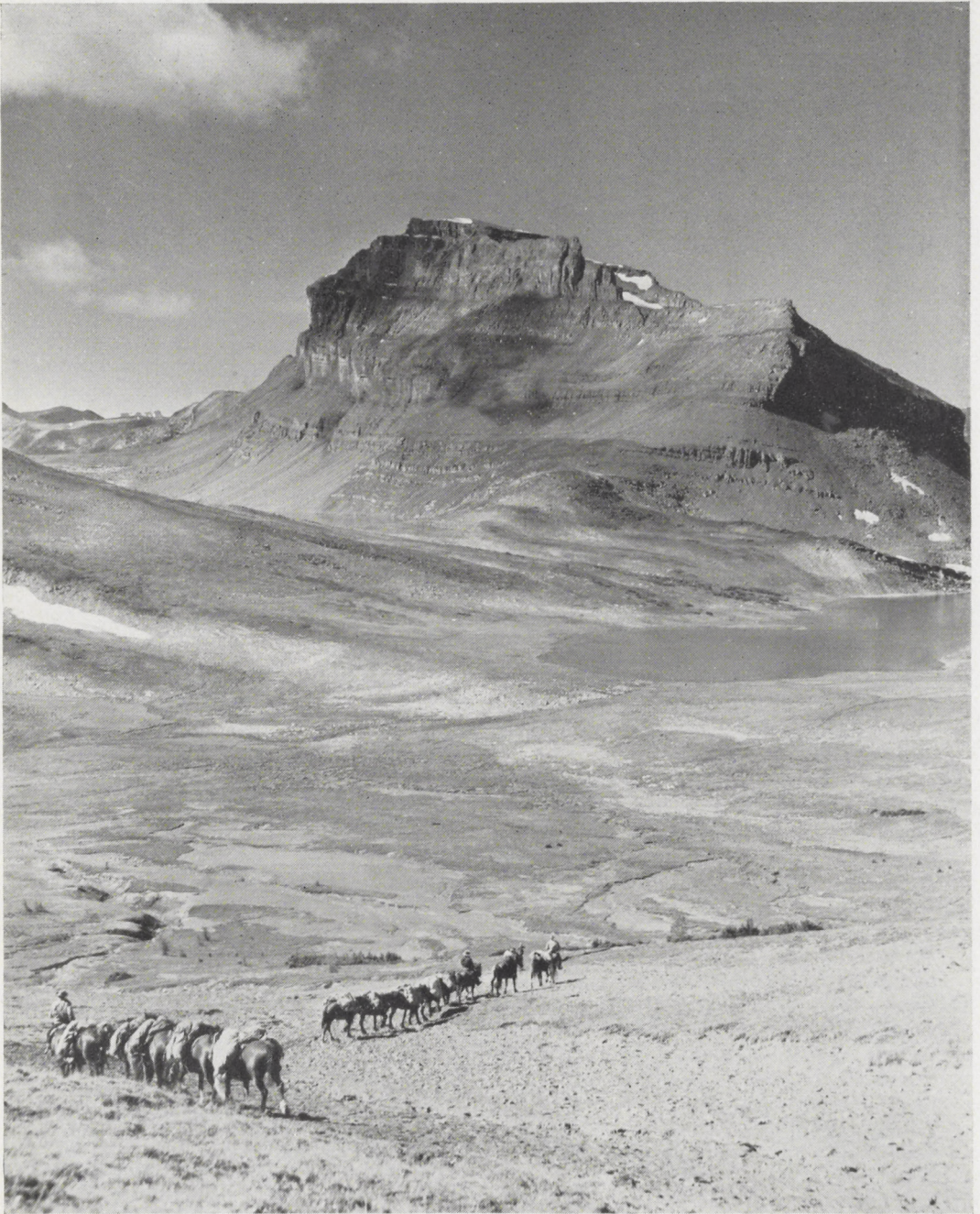
Mr. Fitch was winner of last year's hikefoto contest, his winning entry appearing on page 11 of this issue.

We wish to congratulate the new officers on their respective appointments and the association for the selection of able administrators.

● A great big orchid to three members who recently took out life membership with the association. They are: Mrs. R. C. Riley, of Calgary; Miss M. P. (Jimmie) Hendrie, of Calgary; and Mrs. Elsie T. McCay, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Each of these life members will receive the new Palenske certificate when supply becomes available.

PACK TRAIN PLODS CAMPWARD



Spearhead of every trail hike is the never-failing pack train with its guardian cowboys and mountain ponies. Lashed to the backs of these sure-footed faithful friends (via The Diamond Hitch) are the supplies and materiel so essential to happy camp life. No thoroughbred ranks higher in man's estimation than does a pack-horse to a trail hiker. No blue ribbon carries more affection and feeling of pride than does the every day pat or gentle nose scratching extended to a pack horse by a "knight of the upland trails". Above: A pack train descends Deception Pass. Ptarmigan Lake and Redoubt Peak are shown in background.

The Skyline Trails of Norway

★ ★ ★

by ELSIE LLOYD & JOAN ALDERSON

THE CALL of the mountains was insistent. It was useless to dream of a return to the Rockies—time and money ruled that out—so we chose the Norwegian mountains for our holiday.

Toward the end of June, with minimum requirements bulging out of our rucksacks, we embarked on *M.S. Venus* and sailed across the restive North Sea into the sheltered fjords approaching Bergen. The weather was fine for our stay at the Youth Hostel on Flyen Mountain, from which we had an unforgettable view of Bergen enclosed in a horseshoe of hills with its many outlets to the sea bronzed by the rays of the setting sun.

We proceeded by bus and ferry to Eidfjord, at the eastern end of the Hardangerfjord, especially beautiful with its outcrops of fertile coastline blooming with spring flowers and flowering shrubs. This is a fruit farming area and monks from Britain planted the first fruit trees and hop vines here. In the little Eidfjord schoolroom we saw some nature films, one of the Jasper and Banff National Parks, attended by a handful of Norwegians. Strange that we should have been there on that one day!

We had a long talk with an old farmer who had spent 30 years in Canada, and had returned just before the war to end his days in his homeland. He told us that Hitler had spent many thousands of pounds and much labor in a vain attempt to keep the road over the Hardangervidda open during the winter by means of snow shelters. This is the only road that links Oslo and Bergen.

From Eidfjord we set off on our own to the Hardangervidda—a plateau of wild moorland some 3,000-4,000 feet upward—where we walked from day to day to the very comfortable tourist huts run in connection with the Norwegian Touring Club. The climb from fjord level to the plateau followed a turbulent stream, and we were thrilled to find yellow violets (as in Canada) growing beneath the spray of a broad waterfall. Not far away delphinium, 3 feet high, were just bursting into flower. As we ascended, the land became bleaker while the rounded hills on the plateau were more than half covered with snow. We were above the timberline at 3,000 feet, and many rivers and streams tumbled across the moors to plunge over the sheer rock escarpments of the plateau into the gorges many hundred feet below.

At Vivelí the farm where we were to stay lay

across a river, and a bright-faced girl rowed across to meet us. Quite forgetting my pack and hobnailed boots, I gave a hearty push off with one foot and nearly somersaulted into the boat with the pack round my neck. On asking the girl if she spoke English she replied "Nix", but we succeeded in conveying to her all our needs. When we left the comfort of the tourist huts we had the moors to ourselves, save for a few sheep, ptarmigan and buzzards. And with bad weather setting in, we were mighty thankful to find the cairns or rocks splashed with a red "T" leading us surely up hill and down, across streams in which the stepping stones were submerged, and over long snowslopes to the next hut. How lucky for us that the rain did not turn to snow and obliterate these trusty signposts, as the scale of our map was too small for an accurate compass course.

It was too wet and cold to stop for more than



Joan Alderson, of Kingston-on-Thames, England, a member of the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, photographed beneath the rocky escarpment of the Hardangervidda in the course of her Norwegian hike. The Hardangervidda is a plateau of wild moorland at an altitude of some 3,000 to 4,000 feet.

a few minutes for chocolate, or coffee and sandwiches, and we welcomed the warmth of the packs on our backs. Diminutive primulas, moss campion, stonecrop and many other flowers made a brave show in these bleak conditions. This was our longest day's walk—seven hours, hard going—and we were relieved when two huts became visible in the distance. When at last we reached them, three children peered from an upper window but no one answered our knocks. Puzzled, cold and wet, we knocked again and were ushered into a warm and crowded kitchen. This tourist hut was not open. On account of the late spring, the farmer had only just brought his cows up to the mountain pastures and his people had barely settled in. However, they kindly prepared a bedroom for us and lit a fire so that we could dry our things and relax after our struggle with the elements and the—to us—unfamiliar snow conditions. We listened in comfort to the thunderstorm which broke shortly after our arrival.

The cold weather continued for the next three days and we made our way over still more snow, snowbridges and streams in flood to Kraekkja tourist hut and Haugastol and thence a short journey by train to Finse, where the hut looked across a partly-frozen lake to the snowy wastes of the Hardangerjökulen—a glacier everchanging in the different lights.

Here we were not the only visitors and met several Norwegians with a good knowledge of English who helped us plan the remainder of our holiday to the best advantage. On the slopes beneath the glacier we saw our first reindeer. When I stopped to take a photograph they came towards us and we wondered if they could be troublesome like moose. But they were only curious.

The European heat-wave had reached us when we set out with several Norwegians over the mountains to Geiteryggen. The way was mostly snow-covered, and skirt, hat and sunglasses were not sufficient protection from the sun so that the



"Signpost in the mountains"—that is how the above photo was captioned by Joan Alderson, co-author of the accompanying article. The snow-covered pass is far from the Canadian Rockies where bikers have at times encountered similar terrain. The writers also ran into a heat wave to break the trip's monotony.



This waterfall, "beside which yellow violets grew", was typical of the rugged scenery encountered by the two bikers along the way. They experienced water in other forms too—rivers, streams and rain—not to mention their voyage across the choppy North Sea.

backs of our legs soon got scorched. Views in all directions were superb, and as we neared the top of Mt. St. Paul a man and a dog rounded up a herd of reindeer which paused in front of us before sweeping down the long snow slope with a crisp shuffling sound of their big hooves. From the top we looked north toward the Jotunheim Mountains, raising their white shapely peaks into the clear blue sky.

The continuous plod through ankle-deep snow was very tiring, and we were glad to reach the hut



An island of rock and lichen in a vast sea of snow makes an appropriate resting place for Elsie Lloyd and her pack-sack. Such wintry effects—with snow storms thrown in—contrasted strangely with such summer manifestations as violets and wild strawberries.

which stood on the far side of a lake. The last big snowslope we had to descend was the main source of the river we were to follow 6,000 feet down to Aurlandsfjord. The hut was crowded and we shared a room with two girls who were ill-prepared for the hot weather and were suffering from a touch of the sun.

Next morning we set off with five others for Osterbo, and were glad of the few clouds which gave a little shade. Many lovely streams and waterfalls joined our river and we saw again the little primulas and some brilliant blue eye-bright amongst other rock flowers.

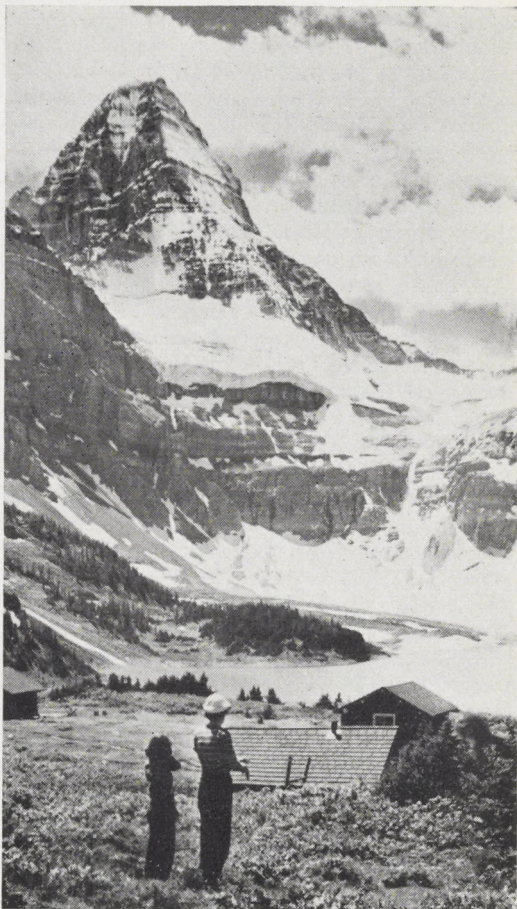
The way was varied—up as well as down—and we soon reached tree level. We crossed one large waterfall on a rail-less log bridge and were able to climb down beside it and look right under the green deluge as it cascaded over the rocks. How delightfully cool the spray felt!

The last few miles to Osterbo were labored—stepping stones required considerable balance as we waded through the streams—but a kindly welcome with hot water and a good meal soon restored us.

There were steeper ascents and descents on the final stage of our hike. There were also more signs of habitation and we met a man with two pack ponies carrying stores to Osterbo. At one point there was a choice of ways—the pack horse trail by the winding river and a footpath over the Bjornstigen (Baer's Ladder). We chose the latter and soon climbed to a magnificent viewpoint overlooking the valley nearly 1,000 feet below. The way down seemed nearly vertical, but we soon scrambled down to a sheltered goat pasture where we were beset by monster bluebottles. The path was cut out of the rock walls in the steeper parts of the valley and at one stage there was no obvious track continuing beside the river. A farmhouse was perched high up on the mountain-side and we hoped fervently that we hadn't to go up that way.

However, our path was only hidden from view and we continued down past some deserted farmhouses until we came to a bend in the river where we were sheltered from the sun. Here we gathered sticks for a fire, fetched water and lingered over our tea in restful content. Wild strawberries were plentiful and the rest of the way was easy. At Vassbygdi we were just in time for a bus and lazily gazed at the flooded river as we were driven to Aurland.

The sudden change in altitude left us rather limp, but we hired a boat next day and rowed across the fjord for an icy bathe and salt fish grilled by a wood fire, with wild strawberries for dessert. As we called to pay for the boat, the owner's mother tried to make us understand in louder and louder tones "In Norway we borrow" and waved aside the payment. From Aurland we proceeded by ferry up the lovely deep Naeroyfjord to Gudvangen, thence by bus up the world-



This may well be our guardian peak for next year's bike camp! Veterans will recognize 11,870-ft. Mount Assiniboine, familiarly known as the Matterhorn of the Rockies. Gazing at the mammoth pyramid are hikers Eileen Wayne and Elizabeth Doeller.
(Sandy Somerville photo)

famous hairpin bends to Stalheim and Voss. Forgetting to take a compass course at the station, we boarded a train labelled "Bergens Expressen" and found ourselves on the way to Oslo instead of Bergen. Passengers, however, held up the right train for us at the next stop an hour later, just as it was starting on to the single line, and the conductor roared with laughter at our mistake.

Bergen — Floyen — Venus — and the choppy North Sea once more. Now we were home with fresh and happy mountain memories to brighten our hours in the years to come.

● We wish to thank Mrs. A. O. Wheeler, of Vancouver, for her suggestion that an article on the late Dr. John Murray Gibbon appearing in a previous issue of "Trail Riders" Bulletin be reproduced in this magazine. In keeping with Mrs. Wheeler's suggestion, we have reserved space in the next issue for this purpose.

Riders Announce Plans

● Maybe you'd like to let the horses do the hiking for a change!

If so, you can do that very thing. How?—By signing up for one of the two camps scheduled for next summer by your sister organization, the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies. And we challenge you to think up a better way of conditioning yourself for the five-day hike to follow—when you rely on your own footwork instead of horsepower.

Though it's a trifle early in the game to come out with all details, we can tell you a thing or two about the '54 rides. We know, for instance, that the riders will hold a five-day and a six-day ride, July 16-20 and July 23-28 respectively, probably in the vicinity of that Matterhorn of the Rockies, 11,870-ft. Mount Assiniboine.

We can also tell you that camp life with the trail riders—including that out-of-this-world bill-of-fare—follows exactly the same pattern as our own, with the same outfitter, cooks and attendants in charge. A perfect trail holiday, we think, would be the six-day trip with the riders, followed by the five-day "bunion derby," with two days to get over your saddle sores and to make way for the bunions.

Further information will be supplied on request by the secretary-treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que. This will be accompanied by a folder outlining rates, what to bring, etc., a trail map, copy of Constitution, and latest Bulletin. Now is the time to write.

SKYLINE SKILLET SKILL

Chuck Wagon Dumplings For Western Palates

A recipe in the "Skyline Trail"—What next! However, the editor happens to know that our ranks contain a number of culinary artists. So here's a recipe to challenge your skyline skillet skill—a dish with a truly western flavor.

1 can (12-oz) corned beef hash
2 cups biscuit mix
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
catsup

Place biscuit mix in a bowl. Add milk to form a soft dough. Turn out on board or waxed paper. Knead three or four times. Roll out on a lightly floured pastry cloth or board into a rectangle (12 x 18 inches). Cut into six 6-inch squares. Place a large spoonful of hash in the centre of each square, and top each with two teaspoons catsup. Bring corners of dough up over hash and pinch edges to close. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) 25 minutes. Serve hot with catsup, or tomato sauce. Serves six city folk.

★ ★ ★

● Due to circumstances beyond the association's control, some half dozen members who ordered photos of the 1952 trail hike were unable to have their orders filled. These persons are requested to contact the secretary-treasurer who will arrange a prompt refund.



Walking two blocks on city streets—particularly during the Xmas shopping season—is enough to make most of us wilt. But when city streets are substituted for the exhilarating upland trails of the Canadian Rockies, we seem to get peppier with every passing mile! Hikers at right are making good time over a spectacular trail in the Skoki country.

Brushing Shoulders with the Sky!

HERE'S a photo that should bring back memories for members of our Aylmer Pass camp in '51! Hitherto unpublished, the photo shows a large segment of that year's members lined up on a rocky eminence where they could be photographed to best advantage. It also gives outsiders an idea of why we call ourselves Skyline hikers!

It will be noted that many depicted here were also foremost in this year's hike ranks. Our new president, Henry Chanter, is seen standing, second from left, while such other well-known "repeaters" include Jimmie Hendrie, Caroline Hinman, Jerry Siegfried, Sydney Vallance, Bea de Lacy, Bob Loudon, and others we march with on the trail.

The '51 hike had many bids to fame, among them being the fact that Aylmer Pass campsite was chosen as a last-minute substitute for the snow-clogged and deadfall-blocked trails of Wolverine Plateau in Kootenay Park. Despite the revision, hikers found this high country plateau ideal for their skyline sorties

It was also the year that introduced the memorable inland "sea voyage" via Lake Minnewanka, from the main docks to our bridgehead! It was a year when mountain sheep were at their tamest, the weather at its balmiest and trails at their loveliest. Memory, take it from here.



The "Ghost" that became Minnewanka



● How many hikers know that Lake Minnewanka, as we know it today, is partly the result of man-made engineering operations? We present below the history of this fascinating lake as told by Sandy Somerville to hikers who two years ago camped near Minnewanka's shores.

THE Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies have used many forms of transportation to get to their stepping-off point. This year, however, for the first time in our history, we have travelled by boat on beautiful and legendary Lake Minnewanka. We are camped tonight on a branch of the North Fork of the Ghost River. There is also a South Fork, with the intervening valley being "filled" by Lake Minnewanka.

This lake has an interesting history. Many years ago, toward the end of the ice age perhaps some 15,000 years ago, the Bow River escaped from the mountains by way of the Devil's Gap, a narrow gorge at the east end of the present lake. At that time the exit of the Bow by way of Bow Falls through the gap between Rundle and Tunnel Mountains, was blocked, probably by ice. In fact, it is probable that this ice block created the opportunity for the Bow to cut that very gap and incidentally create that million-dollar view for the Banff Springs Hotel.

In those days Lake Minnewanka must have extended all the way from the Devil's Gap to somewhere in the neighborhood of Lake Louise Station, a distance of over 50 miles. Also in those days a mighty torrent must have poured through the Devil's Gap into the north fork of the Ghost, for large ice fields were melting in the drainage basin above.

Modern Lake Minnewanka is mainly man-

made. Some years ago, man, in the form of the Calgary Power Company, built a small dam, and established a generating station at the west end of the lake. A few years ago the height of the dam was increased to bring the lake to the level of the Devil's Gap. Instead of passing out through the Gap, however, the water was turned from the west end of the lake over a shoulder of Mount Inglismaldie and down some hundreds of feet into the power station on the highway just east of Banff. At the same time the North Fork of the Ghost was turned westward through the Devil's Gap so that it can be used as it passes through four generating stations, instead of tumbling down its normal course to Ghost Lake to be used only once.

Thus the little mountain stream which sings us to sleep at night becomes part of a large electrical system and its water passes on, perhaps to irrigate the plains of Alberta, or rushes on through the Bow, the mighty Saskatchewan, and after resting a while in Lake Winnipeg goes on as the still mightier Nelson to Hudson's Bay and the Atlantic Ocean.

On this long journey it makes its way, a short distance east of Calgary, through the Reserve of the Blackfoot Indians. Long before the white man saw this country, this tribe had a saying that he who drinks of the waters of the Bow would return to drink again. For you, within the sound of my voice, your fate is sealed. You have drunk of the waters of the Bow. It is inevitable that you will return to drink again.



Hikers stop for breather on grassy slope. Note wild flowers pinpointing turf in foreground. Four-footed hiker "Teddy" may be back on next year's hike.


New Design to Appear On "Life" Certificates

The current trend toward wide-vision movie screens seems to have had its effect on our association—at least insofar as our new life membership certificates are concerned.

With our supply of old-style certificates depleted, we put our case in the capable hands of designer R. H. Palenske, of Woodstock, Ill., requesting something new in the way of design for our future roll of life members. "Pal" responded with the suggestion that the etchings, surmounting the script, be featured in size 8" x 10" in contrast to the comparatively diminutive-sized scene in the current format.

So that's the way it's going to be. Mr. Palenske, who designed the original certificates, not to mention our association's emblem, has already commenced work on the new format which we hope to have reproduced in the next issue of "Skyline Trail."

Cost of life membership—and that of the certificate—will remain the same, even though the applicant will receive more scenery for his money. This totals \$21.00—\$20.00 for life membership privileges and \$1.00 for the certificate which, by the way, should be ideal for framing.



The solitary tree may have seen better days but it still makes an impressive study for the camera's eye! Photo was taken on a recent hike by E. P. Holmes, of Calgary, winner of last year's third hikephoto prize. With evidence to the contrary we cannot say scene is above timberline... But it's not far from it.



This photo, also the work of Mr. Holmes, tells more forcibly than words why the Simpson Summit country has long been tops in the trail biker's choice of terrain. Close to the skyline and conveniently reached from Sunshine Lodge, southwest of Banff, its attractions include tree-clad valleys, flower-strewn upland meadows, lakes and alpine tarns.

Prizes Awarded for Trail Hike Photos

★ ★ ★
LOTS of sunshine—lots of photos!

This appears to be the logical aftermath of the '53 hike when Old Sol just couldn't seem to get enough of primping in the mirror-like surface of Skoki Lakes at the threshold of our campsite.

As might be expected camera shutters were clicking with almost the insistence of a Geiger counter from the time we boarded the buses in Banff till the truly "photo finish" at the base of Temple road.

Chances are you have already augmented your snapshot album with photos depicting various aspects of the hike. If so, we suggest you flip over those pages again, bearing in mind that from one to three of the snaps may have a dollar sign attached.

Yes, every year we offer three cash prizes for what the judges consider the top trio of scenes snapped on the hike of that year. These are offered as follows: First prize: \$15.00; Second Prize: \$10.00, and Third Prize: \$5.00—Not

enough to retire on, perhaps, but a nice bit of pin money, nevertheless.

The awards do not stop with the cash prize. Winner and runners-up have their photos reproduced in the Bulletin complete with accompanying details. If you doubt us, just turn to pages 11 and 12 where last year's winners appear!

There is no limit to the number of entries—send as many as you like. They should, however, be printed in black and white, in glossy finish, preferably from 5"x7" to 8"x10" in size. This makes it easier on the judges' eyes and better engravings are obtained should these be required for reproduction.

The sender's nom-de-plume should be printed on the reverse side of each entry, along with the date submitted. A sealed envelope accompanying the entry or entries should contain the same non-de-plume accompanied by the sender's bona fide name, which is opened only after the judging is completed.



Hikers reap the reward of a long march—a magnificent panorama that seems to hold them spellbound. Even in midsummer, the great patches of snow adorning the mountainsides are a common sight for trail hikers whose base camps are frequently located close to timberline.

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 Martin, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.
 Martin, Miss Millicent, Winnipeg, Man.
 Mathews, F. T., Calgary, Alta.
 Mathewson, Miss Hope, New York, N.Y.
 Mather, Miss Joan, Calgary, Alta.
 Maunsell, Miss Frances, Montreal, Que.
 Maunsell, J. Q., Montreal, Que.
 Maxwell, Miss Clara, New Westminster, B.C.
 Mayor, Miss S. W., Calgary, Alta.
 Mawhinney, Miss Grace, Calgary, Alta.
 McCaffrey, Miss Emily, Russell, Ont.
 McCay, Mrs. Elsie T., Philadelphia, Pa.
 McCowan, Miss Helen, Brandon, Man.
 McCowan, Miss Margaret, Brandon, Man.
 McDougall, Miss Anne, Brandon, Man.
 McEvoy, Mrs. Ruth, Detroit, Mich.
 McIntosh, Miss Angela, Breynat, Alta.
 McKeown, Miss Muriel, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 McLachlan, Miss D., Calgary, Alta.
 McMurry, Miss Eleanor, Calgary, Alta.
 Measuroil, David W., West Chester, Penna.
 Measuroil, Mrs. D. W., West Chester, Penn.
 Merkt, Oswald E. D., Naukatick, Conn.
 Miller, Miss Mary, Burford, Ont.
 Mills, Mrs. J. S., Saskatoon, Sask.
 Mitchell, Mr. B., Woodbury, N.J.
 Moodie, Miss Marcella, Vancouver, B.C.
 Moon, Miss Mary, Calgary, Alta.
 Moore, Mrs. Barbara, Edmonton, Alta.
 Moore, Mrs. Barbara, Edmonton, Alta.
 Moore, Miss I. Diana, London, England
 Moore, R. O., London, England
 Morant, Nicholas, Montreal, Que.
 Morant, Mrs. Nicholas, Montreal, Que.
 Morley, Miss Bernice, Toronto, Ont.
 Morris, Mrs. A. H., Vancouver, B.C.
 Morton, Mrs. J. R., Washington, D.C.
 Mulvey, J. C., Tacoma, Wash.
 Nathan, George, Chicago, Ill.
 Nelson, Henty, New York, N.Y.
 Nelson, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.
 Nicholls, Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.
 Nicholls, Mrs. Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.
 Nichols, Graham, Montreal, Que.
 Niven, Miss Bunty, Toronto, Ont.
 Niven, Mrs. F., London, Eng.
 Noble, Miss Ella, Calgary, Alta.
 North, Mrs. E. C., Summit, N.J.
 O'Brien, W. J., East Orange, N.J.
 Oliver, Mrs. Lorna, New York, N.Y.
 Omohundro, Mrs. H. P., Scottsville, Va.
 Ottinger, Carl F., Chicago, Ill.
 Packhan, Miss Mabel, Calgary, Alta.
 Page, Miss Isabel W., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Palenske, R.H., Woodstock, Ill.
 Palenske, John, Wilmette, Ill.
 Palmer, John, Calgary, Alta.
 Park, Miss Lorna, Calgary, Alta.
 Paterson, Mrs. Joan, Calgary, Alta.
 Patterson, Miss Audrey, Edmonton, Alta.
 Patterson, Miss Edith, Truro, N.S.
 Patton, Miss Barbara, Dallas, Tex.
 Payne, John, Calgary, Alta.
 Payne, Mrs. John, Calgary, Alta.
 Peck, Miss G., Moose Jaw, Sask.
 Peckham, H. G., Vancouver, B.C.
 Pedlar, Mrs. Fred, Olds, Alta.
 Penman, Miss Clair, London, Ont.
 Phillips, Mrs. W. J., Calgary, Alta.
 Phillips, W. J., Calgary, Alta.
 Plater, Miss Janet I., Hamilton, Ont.
 Plommer, Miss Connie, Vancouver, B.C.
 Plommer, J. J., Vancouver, B.C.
 Porter, Miss Eva, Calgary, Alta.
 Preston, Mrs. Carvel, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 Pritchards, Miss K., Nelson, B.C.
 Prybylowski, Miss Florence, LaCrosse, Wis.
 Pullen, N. F., West Vancouver, B.C.
 Pursell, Norman, West Vancouver, B.C.
 Pursell, Mrs. Norman, West Vancouver, B.C.
 Quehl, Mrs. E. B., Battleford, Sask.
 Ramsay, Miss Helen, Edmonton, Alta.
 Rabinowitz, Edwin X., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Rea, Dr. George, Saskatoon, Sask.
 Read, Walter T., Regina, Sask.
 Read, Miss Mary B., Conshohocken, Pa.
 Redfern, Miss Edna, Calgary, Alta.
 Reesor, Miss Marion, Brandon, Man.
 Reid, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.
 Reid, Miss Ruth, Edmonton, Alta.
 Rice, Wallace H., Kansas City, Mo.
 Richards, C. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Richards, Mrs. C. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Riddoch, Miss Beth, Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Dr. R. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Mrs. R. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Miss Pat, Calgary, Alta.
 Ritchie, Miss Peggy, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 Roberts, Ian, Montreal, Que.
 Roberts, Tom, Montreal, Que.
 Robinson, Miss Kathleen, Tranquille, B.C.
 Robinson, Miss L., Calgary, Alta.
 Rogers, Mrs. D. N., Southampton, England
 Rolston, F. W., Hamilton, Ont.
 Round, F. W. E., Edmonton, Alta.
 Rungius, Carl, Banff, Alta.
 Rushby, Mike, Nelson, B.C.
 Russell, Capt. E. N., Victoria, B.C.
 Sabin, Mrs. Helen, Winfield, Alta.
 Sampson, H. E., O.C., Regina, Sask.
 Sandman, Miss Ida, New York, N.Y.
 Sanger, Miss Gladys, New York, N.Y.
 Sayers, Miss J. Molly, London, England
 Scott, Miss J., Calgary, Alta.
 Segal, Sol, Chicago, Ill.
 Segal, Mrs. Sol, Chicago, Ill.
 Sherwood, Dr. T. K., Boston, Mass.
 Shulman, L. W., Calgary, Alta.
 Sieburth, Miss Louise, Vancouver, B.C.
 Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.
 Siegfried, Miss Jerry, Wichita, Kans.
 Silverman, Miss R., Chicago, Ill.
 Slane, Henry, Peoria, Ill.
 Slocum, Mrs. Mable Oggesen, Buffalo, N.Y.
 Sloper, Leslie A., Boston, Mass.
 Smith, Miss Adelaide, Montreal, Que.
 Somerville, Dr. A., Edmonton, Alta.
 Somerville, Ian C., Willow Grove, Pa.
 Somerville, Mrs. I., Willow Grove, Pa.
 Spalding, Miss K., Calgary, Alta.
 Speakman, Dr. Tom, Winnipeg, Man.
 Speakman, Miss Gena M., Calgary, Alta.
 Speakman, Miss M., Edmonton, Alta.
 Spreat, Miss Isobel C., Calgary, Alta.
 Steeves, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.
 Stevenson, Prof. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
 Stevenson, Mrs. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
 Stewart, Mrs. J. N., Red Deer, Alta.
 Stewart, Miss Patsy, Red Deer, Alta.
 Stratton, Robert, Woodbury, N.J.
 Strawbridge, Miss M. S., Montreal, Que.
 Struthers, Miss Betsy, Calgary, Alta.
 Sutherland, Miss Margaret, Calgary, Alta.
 Sutter, Miss Cora M., Edmonton, Alta.
 Swartz, Mrs. Ira, Kelowna, B.C.
 Tannahill, Miss Eunice M., Huntingdon, Que.
 Thal-Larsen, Herman, Berkeley, Cal.
 Thal-Larsen, Mrs. Herman, Berkeley, Cal.
 Thelen, Miss Mary F., Virginia.
 Thomas, Miss D. M., Malvern, England
 Thomson, Harry L., Vancouver, B.C.
 Thomson, Mrs. Harry L., Vancouver, B.C.
 Tilem, Dr. J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Trotter, Miss Peggy, Calgary, Alta.
 Tucker, Miss E. M., Brandon, Man.
 Turbayne, Miss L., Banff, Alta.
 Turner, Miss Dorothy, Calgary, Alta.
 Tye, Miss Madeline, Banff, Alta.
 Vallance, Mrs. Peter, Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Peter, Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, S. R., Banff, Alta.
 Vallance, Mrs. S. R., Banff, Alta.
 Van Haften, Miss G., Amsterdam, Holland
 Vaux, Henry, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Vey, Miss Margaret, Tranquille, B.C.
 Waddell, Mrs. Alice, Calgary, Alta.
 Wagner, Miss Edith, Toronto, Ont.
 Wall, Miss Shirley, Armstrong, B.C.
 Walker, D. H., Penhold, Alta.
 Walker, Miss Elva M., Monterey Park, Cal.
 Ward, J. D., Bronxville, N.Y.
 Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Miss Margaret, Evanston, Ill.
 Watkins, H. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Watkins, Mrs. H. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Watson, Miss Doris, Edmonton, Alta.
 Watson, Miss Kay, Calgary, Alta.
 Wayne, Miss Eileen, Calgary, Alta.
 Webster, Mrs. E. C., Staveley, Alta.
 Weekes, Mrs. Mary, Regina, Sask.
 Westinghouse, A., Saanichton, B.C.
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 Wheeler, Brig. Sir E. O., M.C., Vernon, B.C.
 Wheeler, Lady Dorothea, Vernon, B.C.
 Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, B.C.
 Wilde, Mrs. W. J., Stratford-on-Avon, Eng.
 Wilder, Miss Emma L., La Crosse, Wis.
 Wilson, Miss Gladys, Edmonton, Alta.
 Wilson, Miss Leonore, LaCrosse, Wis.
 Winn, Dr. A. R., Montreal, Que.
 Wishart, William, Calgary, Alta.
 Wolfenden, Mrs. L. C., Toronto, Ont.
 Wood, Miss Marion B., Conshohocken, Pa.
 Wortman, Mrs. Margaret, Enderby, B.C.
 Wright, Miss Gwen, Vancouver, B.C.
 Wurstenberger, F.L., Turner Valley, Alta.
 Wurzbarger, Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wurzbarger, Mrs. Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wyatt, Miss Elva A., Chicago, Ill.
 Wylie, Miss Bessie, Calgary, Alta.
 Wylie, Miss M. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Yauch, C. E., Olds, Alta.
 Young, John, Edmonton, Alta.
 Zech, Mrs. Luther, Howard Lake, Minn.
 Zillmer, Dr. Helen, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Zywert, Miss Julia J., Chicago, Ill.

THE preceding three pages should contain the names and home towns or cities of every member of the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

If your name or address has been omitted the editor will see that it is included in the following issue. Some of those listed, we believe, have since changed their address or marital status.

We also have an idea that some names may be mis-spelled, in which case the editor will be glad to have any such errors rectified immediately.

Or if you know of a friend hiker whose name does not appear, whose address has been changed, or is otherwise misrepresented, the editor would be grateful to receive such advice.